



Book Description

-----Trigger Warning-----

Originally titled 'All the Push You Need (and a little more)' this book intends to do what it says.

It'll help increase your cynicism, deepen your depression, give strength to your demons, help justify your scars, deem anorexia normal, intensify your anxiety attacks, and it'll absolve you of any doubts you might be having about committing suicide and will even trigger you to it.

The author is depressed, suicidal, has anxiety attacks, socially awkward and yeah, pretty much like you.

A word to the wise- Don't read it. Please.

Or

Read at your own risk.

Chapter 0

And they forgot me.

No. No. No. I got it all wrong. It should've started with a once upon a time. But then it doesn't end in a happily ever after either. No girl the size of a thumb. No toad waiting for the kiss that'd turn it back into a prince. No seven dwarfs trying to raise a girl from her poisoned slumber.

This book is contrary to any preconception you might have in your mind before reading any book.

And most importantly, this is less of a book and more of scripture for the depressed mind.

It'll help increase your cynicism, deepen your depression, give strength to your demons, help justify your scars, deem anorexia normal, intensify your anxiety

attacks, and it'll absolve you of any doubts you might be having about committing suicide and will even trigger you to it.

SO PLEASE CLICK BACK, AND FORGET ABOUT THIS BOOK, AS THOUGH IT NEVER EXISTED.

BE GONE AND NEVER RETURN.

Chapter 0 ½

YOU HAD BEEN WARNED.

Chapter 1

Ok, let me guess. You are around 20 ± 5 . You've been contemplating ending your life for quite some time now, but at the very moment doubts and fears surround you instead.

You have consulted this close friend(s) of yours, and they deter you by saying that they care and stuff.

They say we all are bricks in a wall, each depends on the other. But then how is it any different from a drop in the ocean? And if a person is dead, there must be someone to replace it. No one's existence is irreplaceable. No one would notice if one less star shines tomorrow in the sky of a million stars.

No one dies if left completely alone. The mummified memories keep him/her alive, only to keep gnawing at your heart, making you bleed. And there is no light at the end of the tunnel. No angels watching over you. No fairy godmother. But these apart; the ones who know you, not even they care about you. They don't care if you're feeling down. If you're this close to breaking apart. If that lost look in your eyes is because you really are losing it. Your eyes may be puffy, but no one would notice. Your sighs will bounce off ears. When you cry,

they'll avert their eyes.

But show them your scars, and at once you are the center of their attention. You are labeled a freak.

Powerless, you face their jeers, derision, taunts, mockery, jibes, scoffs, fleers, sneers, snouts, flouts, gibes, girds, jests, knowing full well that any could be the last straw.

But still you listen, why?

Chapter 2

Why?

Because you want that last straw to fall, to break your back. You want it all to be over. Tired of slowly repeating the same routine, day in and day out. Gradually forgetting if you are alive or dead.

Self-harm comes as a refuge in such times. It feels so good. The way the razor opens up the skin and this red line appears. As though the very line between life and death. The smudgy line, which constrains you to one side, but is not that difficult to cross. A cut here, a jump there, a few pills or a bullet to the head; and this body no longer cages your soul. You're free to fly at last, from this decadent world, where you weren't even meant to be in the first place.

So if life becomes too uncomfortable, dull, painful, boring, unbearable; then it is possible to cross the 'dead' line. All you have to do is leap, and the rift shall be overcome.

Chapter 3

We are like lambs following each other blindly. If one falls into a ditch, we all follow. And given that we have no second chances, suicide being a way of escape is quite positive behavior.

Tired of trying to live up to people's expectations, tired of it all, you could either combust or blast. And while others only think about themselves, their dreams, their space, their peace of mind; still and all, you'd rather that you combust, slowly burning pieces of yourself, instead of going off and hurting all those around you. Better destroy yourself, before you destroy others.

Chapter 4

It scares you, doesn't it?

This urge to jump off the edge every time you're at a height.

This need to starve until your thighs don't touch. Anorexic, staring at food, but not eating it; for you have to match the image of a perfect figure. God forbid you grow fat, your peers would laugh, and even name you little piggy. Your already morbid life would only be worsened whenever you might see your reflection.

Lying in bed, yet sleep eludes you. You end up staring out the window as the moon morphs into the sun. Thinking and yet in a complete blank state of mind. Fearing that your sleep might deepen, keep deepening, and you might never wake up; and yet strangely finding comfort in this thought.

Avoiding company, yet feeling lonely. Shunning those who love you, and then craving love.

These whispers. These soft foot steps outside your door. When you walk and feel the eyes upon you, people talking, hissing about you in hushed voices, conspiring against you. For all you know, there might be someone outside the window keeping an eye on you right now, waiting to catch you unawares. So you better not give it this opportunity; better double check all the locks and

latches.

This sulk you've sunk into. And even more, when people try to convince you to come out of your shell. So that they might feast on your heart while it still beats.

When those who haunt you at night, are the ones you've to turn to for comfort during the day.

When your sleeves get rolled up a bit too high, and the scars start showing. That people might notice them and question, so you'll have to blame your imaginary cat once again. That they won't understand if you tell the truth, that pain is your only relief from this lewd world. That it's the only thing that has kept you going, the sudden rush that accompanies it, as if a proof that you're still alive.

When you ignore the trigger warning and indeed are triggered. Your anxiety attacks, they are what has made you so. Malfunctioning, and thinking when this broken clunker would be put out of use. The delicate calligraphy on the wrists, blood falling on the floor, cigarette put out against the skin, bloody knives, razors, all send you into a restless state, your breaths turn heavy, yet quick, as you try to grasp whatever air might be available before you choke. Your sight dwindles, a throb begins sounding in your ears; and won't stop until it has drawn the design on your wrists.

These bright, poppy pills or this white powder, assuring a night's rest from the inner turmoil. Or swallow all, go into a deep slumber and never wake up for good.

When those who didn't ever care about you, come up to inquire after seeing your scars, looking for a good story to propagate.

Memories. Threatening to drown you in tears, playing and replaying in your mind, not letting you forget. Memories that refuse to burn even when it's all over.

When the dream you'd grown up believing in has been deemed forbidden. That the dream catcher had been conniving with your demons. Demons of your own creation, which now threaten to suffocate you.

This feigning you have to do in public. Killing yourself inside, swallowing your tears and putting on a smiling mask. Saying I'm fine when you're not. Saying it's okay when someone hurts you. And all the while keeping a smile

pasted on your face. Your eyes threaten to well up, but all you do is smile. Your childhood fear of being left stranded returns, but all you do is smile.

You smile because you know that once you let go, all your innate fears would return, your eyes would flood, the thoughts you've pushed away shall resound in your mind, the ache shall return, and falling down you'll cry, making quite a spectacle of yourself, which no one would be able to pass by without as much as a comment. Knowing this, all you do is smile, smile, smile, smile.....

Chapter 5

You try to occupy yourself as much as possible, for you fear the silence, it bears down heavily upon you, threatening to be the stones in the pocket that won't let you bob back to the surface. The mirror moves you to tears, and you don't click your photographs for they start another orgy of thoughts about how and why you look like this, why aren't you thin enough, these and a million more thoughts resurface from under thoughts, where you'd buried them.

While people pat their backs, you lash yours. Not that it yields any joy, but it is an excellent way to kill time. Hanging on the crucifix of reality since eons ago, yearning for the day when this soul shall no longer be thine. And then you laugh at your own yearnings, for where words don't leave you, how then, will your soul do?

The unsocialness is not the cause of your love for solitude, whether it be its effect. The cause of the love for solitude is the infinite self-doubt. Maybe even for the unsocialness. For you continually dissecting your soul. For the unending bead of thoughts. For every pain, every weakness, every bad fortune. If not stopped now, I'll end up writing that the very cause of existence is self-doubt. And the cause of this self-doubt is the fear of being ordinary. Just another name. Just another face in the crowd. But even if being common be a disease, by no means is it a sin. Self-doubt is also a disease, not a sin. But then if given the choice between disease and sin, which would you choose?

Chapter 6

Sometime in your life, you might have had the urge to confess it all to someone.

To recount your tales of despair with a stammering and stuttering tongue.

Knowing well enough that your story might have no attraction in their eyes. For in the present day rah- rah scenario, everyone wants butterflies on their mental screensavers and not some random girl/boy who is hell bent on destroying his/her life. The smoke of your pain will sting their eyes, as soon as you open your mouth you'll feel like closing it, that only groans and sighs and not words shall escape your throat. So much so that even if rendered helpless like a fish caught in a net, you'll panic sure, but likewise not to give voice to your pains ever again.

For what do you like and what not? What can you bear and can't? What and how many purpose(s) do you have? Why don't you break the silence? What is the meaning of these questions?

Nothing.

What are you?

Nothing.

I destroy myself by speaking what is true

People self-parrot, I self-deprecate

People hide their flaws; I spread them out in the sun

People pat their own backs, I lash mine.

Chapter 7

Do they think you don't feel anything?

The more you hurt yourself, the more you feel. And maybe that's the sole reason you do it. To feel. To convince yourself that you're still alive. To make it clear that it's you who has control over his/her life. You search for sympathy in the blade and wish that someone pities you.

But why should anyone pity you? There's absolutely no reason why anyone should. You shouldn't be pitied; instead you should be sentenced to death.

For then your heart shall rise from the torpor and shriek - "Give me death sentence, O' just jury, sentence me to death; but pity me. And then I'll myself end my life. For I'm not in the pursuit of happiness, but instead am in the search of pain and tears."

Chapter 8

And the thoughts. Under which you want to remain buried, never to be disinterred.

But why do you like to fantasize things that shiver you? Why do only such thoughts evade your mind which cause distress?

Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe once said that 'what the mind doesn't know, the eye cannot see'. Likewise, what the eye doesn't see, the mind cannot know. Hence the thoughts are but a shadow of the world. Hence it is not your thoughts, but the world that are the cause of distress, and should be abandoned.

You feel like a moth circling around a flame. Every flicker singes your wings, but still, you can't abstain from worshipping what would eventually consume and destroy you, for there is a kind of euphoria in such thoughts. Which float about like a lost breeze.

Chapter- 9

When there was spring in your life, a hundred nightingales sang in the meadows; came autumn and even the roses withered. Leave nightingales, now even your tears have left you.

But you, the accursed, have started upon to decorate the world with the withered petals.

The world, where the only comprehensible thing is that it is incomprehensible.

Wonder how long you'll last before droopy petals fill you with dejection.

But before you break, scream.

Scream, to make up for a lifetime of silence.

Scream, on behalf of the deep wounds on your body.

Scream, for a body heavy with tags they've put on it.

Scream, for a body exhausted in its cage.

Scream.

Chapter 10

Much of what people do is done in the name of God. Irishmen blow each other up in his name. Arabs blow themselves up in his name. Imams and ayatollahs oppress women in his name. Celibate popes and priests mess up people's sex lives in his name. Jewish shohets cut live animals' throats in his name. The achievements of religion in past history - bloody crusades, torturing inquisitions, mass-murdering conquistadors, culture-destroying missionaries, legally enforced resistance to each new piece of scientific truth until the last possible moment - are even more impressive.

Tell it to the victims of the Crusades and the Inquisitions. Tell it to the people throughout mediaeval Europe and the old United States who were hung in irons, locked in dungeons, stretched on racks, burned at the stake, hanged, and impaled for daring to be heretics, or for having epilepsy or being social outcasts, and therefore labelled "witches." Tell it to the victims of human sacrifice. Religion has been a blot of shame on the course of human history, the velvet glove covering the iron fist of authority and coercion. To be an apologist for religion is to be a traitor to the causes of logic and liberty.

The Crusades, the Inquisition, the witch-burners and Jew-burners of history, the Irish Republican Army, the Israeli Zionists, the Muslims who are presently frothing with blood-lust regarding the author Salman Rushdie, the crazed zealots who want to ban books, movies and anything else which seems different from them -- all these are examples of what the "leap of faith" generally does to people, and it hardly seems desirable.

Meanwhile, you and I believe sanctimoniously that our collective bloodlust and sadism have been set aside. We think our shadow is no longer there. But there are still the gas chamber and the electric chair -- there is even, for that matter, the constant toll of automobile and airplane. We need look only to the millions of lives sacrificed daily to slave labor, to unjust penal institutions, to miserable, cruel communities and wretched families from which they can never escape. We need only think of how we persecute whole segments of our society so devilishly that we drive them to suicide or drug addiction. We allow the medical machine to decide who is to live and who is to die. And aren't we still prepared to send adolescent boys to war, if it comes to that? Don't we continue to poison one another with lethal pesticides and radioactivity? Don't we eagerly turn to television's murders for entertainment, night after grisly night?

Chapter 11

Hell-

‘Don’t you know self-mutilation and suicide are sins? That their punishment is eternal damnation to hell?’

That’s what they all say, right?

But then, what is hell?

Webster's Third New International Dictionary, unabridged, under "Hell" says: "from 'helan' to conceal." The word "hell" thus originally conveyed no thought of heat or torment but simply of a 'covered over or concealed place.' In the old English dialect the expression "helling potatoes" meant, not to roast them, but simply to place the potatoes in the ground or in a cellar.

Revelation chapter 20, verse 15, says: "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." But verse 14 says: "And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire." Is hell itself to be tormented? And how can death, a condition, be thrown into a literal fire? The rest of verse 14 reads: This [the lake of fire] is the second death."

How interesting! "Hell" is to be destroyed! Note, however, that the Greek word used here is Hades, which, also means "grave." Are the dead conscious or suffering in hell, or Hades? The Bible replies: "The dead know nothing...for neither work, nor reason, nor wisdom, nor knowledge shall be in hell, whither thou art hastening."--Ecclesiastes 9:5,10

The Dogma of eternal torment is based on the immortal-soul theory. However, the Bible clearly states: "The soul that is sinning--it shall die." (Ezekial 18:4,20; see also Acts 3:23.)

Contradicting popular beliefs with contradictory dogmas. For unfortunately, religion has always confused paradox with inconsistency.

Christ said "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

But, then heaven wouldn't be the utopia we are made to believe it is.

Poverty of mind and body is considered a virtue, and it seeks to maintain this virtue by reward and punishment. But isn't being poor in soul the worst curse? Poverty of the spirit; that it is productive of all evil and misery, of all the injustice and crimes in the world. Nothing good ever came nor can come of the poor in spirit; surely never liberty, justice, or equality. It should've instead been those, who might be poor in the society, but are rich in spirit, that should deserve the eden. Not the degraded spirit, reeking of poverty, with meager virtues and abundant sins. But then, I am not here to remodel the religion.

The reward in heaven is the perpetual bait, a bait that has caught man in an iron net, a strait-jacket which does not let him expand or grow. All pioneers of truth have been, and still are, reviled; they have been, and still are, persecuted. But did they ask humanity to pay the price? Did they seek to bribe mankind to accept their ideas? They knew too well that he who accepts a truth because of the bribe, will soon barter it away to a higher bidder.

The most hilarious contradiction in the bible:

- Matthew 5:22 [Jesus speaking] "Whosoever shall say "Thou fool," shall be in danger of hellfire."

* vs. *

- Matthew 23:17 [Jesus speaking] "Ye fools and blind."

So, will Jesus burn in hellfire? Or has the crucifixion sufficed?

Hmm... I wonder.

Islam says a believer will get 72 beautiful, wide eyed, full bosomed virgins (Houri) as wives in heaven. I had to recheck twice if it was Quran or playboy magazine that I was holding. Wide eyed, virgins, full bosomed; if this heaven, I'm not sure I'd like to go to such a place where women are but awards, trophies, rewards.

Chapter 12

Suicide across various religions

Anton LaVey's Satanism frowns on self-sacrifice and the Catholic Church calls suicide a sin. Xtianity offers "eternal life" in "God," which is all very well, provided you know what "God" is. Once we stop separating from the Whole, we automatically place self-sacrifice above eternal life and, in doing so, paradoxically, we transform immolation into immortality. In Buddhism, which sees the true extinction of the ego in Nirvana, i.e., as release from both death and rebirth, sacrifice means having the compassion to remain in the world in order to help others. Thus, the self-incendiarism of Buddhists as protests against the war in Viet Nam was an extreme form of compassion. They were sacrifices in the Judeo-Christo-Islamic sense, but for a bodhisattva it is not a sacrifice to die, it's a gift.

Islam says suicide is a grievous sin, but none of their religious heads say that Prophet himself was going to commit suicide, but was stopped by the angel Gibrael.

Chapter 13

No Chapter 13. 13 is an unlucky number you know.

Chapter- 14

It's strange, that when you cover your body its decency, but when you cover your soul its vulgarity.

I am not Mehdi, Kalki, Maitreya, Shaoshayant, Kukulcan, Emmanuel or the second incarnation of Jesus, but what has happened to this world?

But then, when was it any different?

We are constantly on the lookout for 'freaks'. We derive pleasure from them. We have developed a fetish for them.

Some of the most searched pornographic categories are- Fetish, BDSM (Bondage Discipline Sadism Masochism), BBW (Big Beautiful Women), Teen (Barely Legal), Shemale, Strap-on, Petite.

And they say, I am over-reacting, the world is not so bad after all.

In terms of ranking BDSM ranks seventh, preceded by BBW.

And what is BDSM, but brutal molestation, women are tied, gagged, whipped, lashed, scarred, burned with hot wax, and other unimaginable stuff. Treating women, but as an object of recreation, fun, pleasure, who can be manhandled in any way.

BBW, which started as a category for chubby and plumply women has turned into a category for macrophilia.

Teens and Petite is just a cover up for the Paedophiles. The ogres sitting behind the keyboards, feverishly ogling the children. Trying to have a Lolita to themselves.

And God have mercy, Necrophilia. Having erotic interest in or stimulation by corpse. Banned by death in some countries, yet it doesn't stop the ones ready to spend money from deriving demonic pleasure from this. This is mostly associated with Tantrics, and Satanists; the apostates, renouncing prevalent ceremonies of religion. And claiming to free themselves from religion's yoke by performing the abominable ceremonies.

Love making today has taken a turn for sodomy, or how to put it in a more 'modern' way- anal.

But that apart, what is really gaining air is the solo acts, jerking off on figurines, ballerina, bob-heads, snow globes, on posters of girls, and even violating them while asleep. Fapping on their feet, probing around the clothes and shit.

As a child, cock was just male hen, and pussy was just a cat. Thanks redtube. You really changed my perspective of things.

Chapter 15

They say you are being extremely cynical, you think something up about everything, start believing it, and don't want to think rationally.

Well, what is a cynic?

A blackjack, who's faulty vision sees things as they are, not as they ought to be.

They say think positively.

But then what is positivity?

Give it a whirl, will you?

No idea?

By positiveness we mean: Harmony, equilibrium, order, regularity, stability, consistency, unity, realness, system, government, organization, liberty, independence, soul, self, personality, entity, individuality, truth, beauty, justice, perfection, definiteness.

Now you say think positive thoughts, how can I?

The world isn't positive. The yin dominates the yang in this putrescent world. The world is on the brink of self-destruction; how then could I remain aloof?

I included beauty in the definition of positiveness.

By "beauty," I mean that which seems complete. Obversely, that the incomplete, or the mutilated, is the ugly.

Venus de Milo. To a child she is ugly. When a mind adjusts to thinking of her as a completeness, even though, by physiologic standards, incomplete, she is beautiful.

A hand thought of only as a hand, may seem beautiful. Found on a battlefield — obviously a part — not beautiful.

But everything in our experience is only a part of something else that in turn is only a part of still something else — or that there is nothing beautiful in our experience: only appearances that are intermediate to beauty and ugliness — that only universality is complete: that only the complete is the beautiful: that every attempt to achieve beauty is an attempt to give the local the attribute of the universal.

So let me be one with the universe, let the shackles of this earth no longer weigh my feet. I shall fly, I shall fly. And then when one day when you look up and admire the stars and their beauty, maybe it'll be me, whom you never even glanced in the direction of. It'll be me, the ugly, fat, socially awkward one, whose beauty you'll be admiring.

Chapter 16

Dreams can be such dangerous things, they smolder on like a fire does and sometimes consume us completely.

Life is but a game of ring-a-levio, with you in the circle, and no one to tag you out.

Why does a person dream? Dreams which are but mirages?

Because when reality is unfitting, dreams are a refuge.

A morsel of satisfaction in those few moments.

When your surroundings are void of relief, you can't but create your own utopia in your dreams.

But the world, it can't bear your being happy, can it? It doesn't even let your dreams untouched. Horrors of the day leak into dreams of the night. Unicorns turn into Minotaurs.

Fluffy little puppy morphs into werewolf. Everything you touch turns to dust. Your crush comes towards you with a perfidious kiss slithering on his/her lips. You finally find your prince charming or dream princess, only to find him/her playing about in someone else's embrace. You try to run, but your shoes grow roots, transfixed to the spot, you see them make out. Your eyes don't obey your command to avert themselves. You look on, as the one who had them in her/his embrace becomes visible; and you see your best friend, the same who was the first person you told about your love. You stand there, tears flood your eyelids, as your friend's eyes turn to you, and they just smile, and kiss your love again. Fury, betrayal, hurt, all feelings flood in, so much so, that you can't even breathe. And then you hear them laugh. They raise fingers at you, as you cry, and they laugh.

Tears flow free, tears which wash away the dream, to bring you back to this world; where only the dream is now over, and not much has changed.

Chapter 17

The world truly has become an ugly place ever since it started looking into the mirror every day.

Camouflage is a game we like to play, but our secrets are revealed by what we want to conceal.

We ride non-polluting bicycles to save mankind, but lock them because we don't trust mankind.

(This Valium is killing me. I don't know why I take it when all it does is, make me dizzy, confused, and drowsy; as though a warm zombie)

The world has lost its conscience, children have lost their Innocence, humanity had been long discarded, and the flame of lust has even been struck in heaven, with its promises of more than 70 beautiful, wide eyed, full bosomed virgins to each believer.

It is our expression that the flux between that which isn't and that which won't be, or the state that is commonly and absurdly called "existence," is a rhythm of heavens and hells: that the damned won't stay damned; that salvation only precedes perdition. The inference is that someday our accursed tatterdemalions will be sleek angels. Then the sub-inference is that some later day, back they'll go whence they came.

Maybe someday this world will learn to its mistakes, religions shall no longer shackle the minds, no little girl shall be taken advantage of in the stranded subway, no one lock themselves up in their rooms, crying, no one would ever scar, ever feel depressed, ever feel the need to diet themselves to the point of starvation, no infant shall ever starve in his/her dead mother's arms, no wars shall be waged, instead of dreaming of that promised city of gold, we shall make this world a better place to live in.

But it's just a case of maybe. Maybe which will never be more than maybe.

No, world may not be paradise.

But.....

Maybe someday you'll lose courage or rather gain it, and end your misery.

Goodbye.